

# Hans in Luck.

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Hans put the gold on his shoulder and started to walk home. It was a very bright, sunny day, and as he walked along thinking of what he should do with his gold, he felt as happy as a bird. But he had not gone very far before he began to feel a little bit tired. Just then a man went by riding a horse. "Ah," said Hans quite loudly, "what a fine thing it must be to ride a horse." The man pulled up his horse, and after questioning Hans as to what he had on his shoulder, asked him if he would like to exchange the gold for the horse. "Right willingly", said Hans. The bargain was quickly completed, very much to the satisfaction of the stranger who went off whistling with the gold on his shoulder. Hans got on his horse and rode away. "Ah," thought he, "how much nicer it is to ride than to walk. For some time things went very well indeed and Hans felt that it was good to be alive. But his good luck did not last long, for the horse began to get very restless and Hans had the greatest difficulty in keeping on its back.



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# Hans in Luck.

Many years ago in a quiet little village there lived a farmer and his wife. They had a servant who was called Hans a lad of about sixteen or seventeen years of age. Hans had worked for the farmer about seven years, and as he had always been very diligent both the farmer and his wife were very pleased with him. One day Hans told his master that he wanted to leave and go back home to his mother. The farmer was very sorry indeed to hear this, but as he was a very good man and always very generous to those who came in contact with him he gave Hans a large piece of gold when he left, and shaking him by the hand, wished him good luck, and a pleasant journey home.

Hans put the gold on his shoulder and started to walk home. It was a very bright, sunny day, and as he walked along thinking of what he should do with his gold, he felt as happy as a bird. But he had not gone very far before he began to feel a little bit tired. Just then a man went by riding a horse. "Ah," said Hans quite loudly, "what a fine thing it must be to ride a horse." The man pulled up his horse, and after questioning Hans as to what he had on his shoulder, asked him if he would like to exchange the gold for the horse.

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This new state of affairs had not gone on very long before the horse kicked out its back legs and then threw Hans over its head on to the ground. For some seconds the poor boy could not make out what had happened, but at last he seemed to come back to his senses. He scrambled to his feet and felt greatly relieved to find that no bones were broken.

It was not a great while after this little incident had occurred that Hans met a man who was leading a cow.

Hans suddenly remembered that he had not had anything to drink for a long time, and that he was getting rather thirsty.

"How very nice it must be to have a cow and be able to have a drink of milk whenever one likes", said Hans to himself.

"I wonder if the man would exchange his cow for this horse?"

So he straightway approached the man and suggested a change of animals. The man with the cow was not slow to see that he would have the better of the deal, so he quickly agreed to Hans' proposal. The cow and the horse had a change of masters; the man went off with the horse whilst Hans was left with the cow. When he wanted to continue his way home Hans found that the cow would not move an inch. Try as he would the poor boy found that he was quite unable to make the slightest progress.

At last, tired and exhausted from his efforts to make the cow move, he sat down to rest a little while, and to think.

Presently he happened to see a thick stick a few yards away, so he quickly ran and picked it up. When he came back he gave the cow a sharp cut across the head with the stick, hoping by this means to make the animal move. However to Hans' great disgust this had the very worst effect possible, for the cow immediately lay down in the middle of the road, and there it stayed. At this moment Hans saw, to his great delight, a man wheeling a pig home from market. When he got up level









with Hans the man stopped and asked what was the matter.

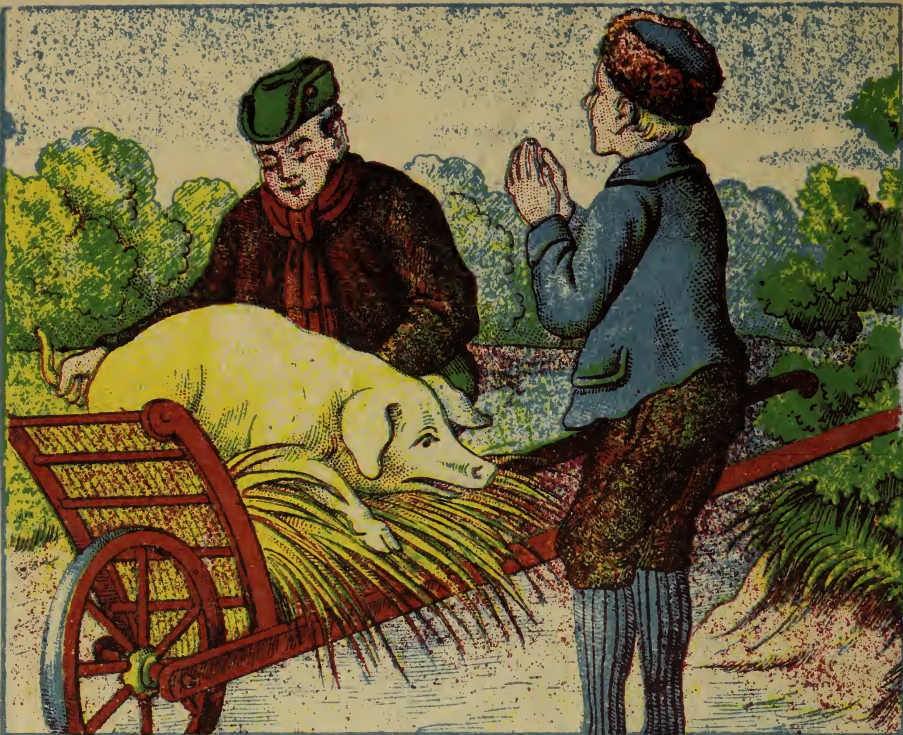
Hans told him about the gold, how he had exchanged it for the horse, and about his little difficulty with the cow. The man considered for a while, then he said "Look here, Hans. Out of friendship for you I will exchange my pig for your cow, then your difficulties will be at an end." "May God reward you for your kindness," said Hans as he once more exchanged animals. When the man spoke to the cow, Hans was very surprised to find that it made no further resistance but quietly got up and followed its newly-found master. But Hans was very pleased to have got rid of the unruly cow and to have obtained the little pig in its place. He now felt quite happy once again.

He searched in his pockets, and finding a piece of string, pulled it out and tied it to the pig's leg. Then he continued his journey, singing and whistling to his heart's content. He had not gone very far before, this time, he met a lad who was carrying a goose under his arm. After wishing each other a very good day, the lad with the goose asked Hans where he had got his pig from, whereupon Hans once more related the story of the gold and how he had exchanged it for the horse, and of the way in which he had gone on exchanging until he obtained the pig. The boy with the goose listened very attentively until Hans had finished relating his story, then he said: "I am afraid there is something a little mysterious about your pig. As I was passing through the last village I heard some people saying that a pig had been stolen from one of the farms, and I should not be a bit surprised if that is the one that you have there." Hans' face fell very much on hearing this, and he began to wonder what he should do. He already imagined himself being accused of stealing the pig, and being sent to jail as a punishment for his misdeeds. "Oh! what shall I do?" he cried, lifting up his arms in despair. "Do help me out of my trouble." "I will not leave you in such a fix," answered the lad, "and although it will



be a great risk for me I will give you my goose in exchange for your pig." Hans did not stop to think a moment. "Oh! my kind friend", he muttered, "how can I ever repay you?" When the lad had gone off with the pig, Hans put the goose under his arm and once more continued his journey, feeling much more easy in his mind than he had done a few minutes before. He plodded on steadily for a long time, occasionally sitting down by the side of the road to rest his tired legs. He had not much farther to go before reaching the end of his journey, for in the distance he could see a village which he knew was the last one that he would have to pass through before reaching his home. When he at last arrived at the village he saw, at the side of one of the roads, a man with a grind-stone. This man was grinding knives. The good Hans stood for some time watching the man at his work. The man looked at Hans, but went on with his work without speaking a word. Hans thought that it would be very nice indeed to have a grind-stone such as that to play with. It then occurred to him that the man might like to exchange the grind-stone for the goose, so he straightway made the suggestion.





The man eyed the bird, and as he saw that it was a good one he fell in with the idea. That was how it came about that the goose once more changed hands. Hans found the grind-stone very heavy, and as he was unable to carry it very far, he sat down with it by the side of a deep well. He had not been sitting there very long before he accidentally let the stone fall into the water and it was lost. Hans now had nothing whatever to show for the bag of gold which his good master had so kindly given him.

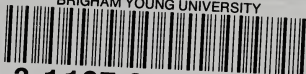
However as he was now quite free from all trouble and care he made the best of his way home to his mother, arriving without any further mishap. And thus ends the story of

Hans in Luck.





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